

THE
National Grandeur of Britain.
LECTURE,

BY R. H. McLEOD.

Delivered in the Church of the Redeemer, Halifax, N. S.,

June 20, 1897.

The national grandeur of Britain is my theme. In these days, over all the British Empire, the very air is charged with jubilant voices of patriotic pride. We are upon the eve of a national rejoicing upon so vast a scale that it assumes the rank of grandeur and the features of magnificence.

The royal splendor and pageantry of this Diamond Jubilee will be centred in London, but following the sun around the globe, ancient colonies and vast dependencies will continue the acclamations of loyalty and swell the magnificence of material display. The torch of patriotism will be passed from hand to hand, and land to land, and English speech be taxed in glowing phrase to tell the glories and the virtues of the Victorian age. Nothing is lacking to make the Jubilee the most splendid celebration of national progress under a single reign the world has ever witnessed.

At the recent coronation of the Czar his empire was ransacked for material to make impressive the

scene, and striking the occasion, but wide and varied as are all the Russias, they are poor beside the sources of all zones and all latitudes that will contribute their quota to this august Festival of Britain's Queen. People from all these possessions will go up to London to join in the mighty processions, and take part in the functions of the day. Almost every type of mankind will be present as a loyal subject of the Sovereign. Dusky Princes from the Orient, Premiers from stalwart colonies that girdle the globe, and accredited nobles and distinguished citizens from every nation under the sun, will be there to take part in a celebration that has no equal in the annals of history, and will never be repeated in the years to come.

The Queen acts with a deep sense of the fitness of things, when she desires a patriotic demonstration on a scale as grand as her domain. Nature herself almost calls a halt on this threescore line of her successful rule to mark it as one of the grand epochs of human progress like the

1897

C X

closing of some geological period. For a woman, while yet in the blossom of girlhood, to receive the regalia of sovereignty from a mighty people, and then for sixty unbroken years perform the duties of her great office, is of itself without a parallel; but when we add that in all that lapse of time she has worn the purple without a stain, then our admiration is added to wonder, and veneration to respect. She may fairly exclaim with Bonaparte that the "nobility of my family begins with myself." Fortunate woman, to live through so many decades with un-failing prosperity and marvellous growth of every element of national strength and perpetuity, and still eager to witness this jubilee of unfeigned loyalty of a united empire. She will at last rest from her labors when her "long days' task is done," but her fame will live on, embalmed and secure, in the hearts of her people, and the annals of all the world.

If this Jubilee had no other significance than a personal compliment to a successful sovereign, we might well claim that a less expensive function would have answered the ends of reasonable loyalty and respectful courtesy. This movement is vastly more than a spectacular entertainment to please the public eye, or gratify a royal vanity. It is a loyal response of the British empire to the desires of a Sovereign who wishes to mark with appropriate demonstration what must be near to the high tide of her reign. This step is dictated by no vulgar ambition or unworthy pride. While she has not brought about the great changes of the last sixty years, that have made a new world by imposing new conditions of human life, yet she has so deported herself that art

and science and invention, and reforms of every kind, have had within her realm a royal patronage and a hearty support.

Whatever the future may hold, there can be no sixty years again in which the powers of the human mind applied to material research and invention can so touch the world with far-reaching consequences as the last three score years have done. It is within the bounds of sober boasting to say that Britain has been no laggard in the nineteenth conquest of nature. She has furnished her proportion of mighty men in every branch of science and art, and every realm of research. What is better still, she has been wise enough to appropriate the best results of all her labors, and enrich the national life by every new won fibre of strength the modern world could furnish. The strongest proof of this large claim is deeply writ in the mighty strides of prosperity that have marked this single reign.

The spirit of the age must have fertilized the life of the nation with a new energy, to have it bring forth so abundantly of the best fruits of this unparalleled epoch in human affairs: Let us for a moment refresh our memories with a backward glance.

Sixty years ago, Britain was a first class national power. Her colonies were planted in all quarters of the globe. Her wealth was unmatched. Her ships traded in all oceans, and her navy patrolled the seas without an equal. When Victoria was called to the throne, her rule in the United Kingdom extended over 26 million people, today there are 39 millions. At that time, the total annual revenue was 52½ million pounds, now it is 112 millions. Then the yearly value of

all her exports was 42 millions now it is 242 millions. In 1839, the whole amount in the Savings Banks was 19 millions, placed there by 598 thousand depositors; now the sum is 155 millions deposited by 8 and one quarter million persons. For every letter sent in the United Kingdom, in 1836, now there are twenty two posted, and for every newspaper sent in those days, now there are twenty eight.

Since the accession of Victoria, the new territory added to the realm is a sixth larger than all Europe, and her empire now embraces 21 per cent of all the land of the globe, while her rule extends over 402 millions of people. When Victoria became Queen Australia was but little more than a penal colony, with a population of 350 thousands; to-day its capital city contains 500 thousand people, and the trade of Australia exceeds that of all great Britain sixty years ago.

Within that period, more than one third of the Dark Continent of Africa has been opened up by British explorers, and added to the Imperial domain of the best colonizer the world has ever known. At the beginning of the present reign, the North American Colonies of Britain were but feeble and disjointed communities with no railroads, no canals, and no telegraphs. Between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean, was nearly two thousand miles in breadth of almost unknown territory affording food and shelter to wild beast, and subsistence to wandering savages. Now all this is changed, and we have one broad Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific confederated by political means, and across it from Ocean to Ocean, Canadian enterprise has built one of

the great railroads of the world, and bound by rails of steel and electric wires, the East and the West in one commercial and national life. Immense resources of the soil, the forests, the mines and the seas make it a land of great promise, and all this is a loyal dependency of Britain, united to the mother land by wholesome sentiments of patriotism, that were never stronger and more in evidence than on this Jubilee occasion.

The national grandeur of Britain is my subject, and I have in briefest outline designated such cosmical trends of vast domain, such signs and instances of stupendous material progress, that within the bounds of common parlance, we may call them forms of national grandeur. We will not call them the loftiest forms of grandeur, we will rank it with the palmy days of ancient Rome, when her triumphant legions had made conquests of all the nations from the Caspian Sea to the British Isles, from the Lybian Desert to the coasts of the Baltic. When great and permanent highways traversed the empire, and massive bridges still defying the tooth of time, were built on giddy arches sprung over the great rivers of her domain. When the proud city had accumulated from the looted treasuries of kings, and the desecrated sanctuaries of Religion, a world of untold wealth in all that was rare and curious and beautiful. All that absolute command over the known world could draw together of cunning workmanship in gold and silver, of sculptor's art or builder's genius, was there to charm the eye and impress the imagination of the beholder. This was national grandeur of no mean order, this was a long advance from the Stone Age, when their rude cave dwelling an

ancestors, huddling around their fires
 that threw the shadows of their naked
 forms on dripping walls, and re-
 vealed the nature of the den in
 which they dwelt. This was Rome
 nineteen hundred years ago, when
 at the zenith of her power, and her
 citizenship was so much prized,
 that even St. Paul of the seed of
 Abraham and tribe of Benjamin,
 gladly claimed this honor of birth,
 that Lybians had bought with a great
 price. Rome was so grand in many
 features, so big with glowing promi-
 ses in many directions, that her de-
 cline and fall was an historical trag-
 edy, and a wide-spread calamity to
 mankind. If she had her Neros
 and Caligulas, she had also Vespasian,
 Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius. If
 she had a dissolute aristocracy,
 she had also great scholars and
 sound moralists, who loved learning
 and righteous living. If she had
 gladiatorial shows, she had also
 schools of philosophy and literature,
 poets, historians, and naturalists,
 whose work remain as the monu-
 ments of a departed grandeur of a
 state that perished from poisons of
 its own elaboration, as the human
 body does when unhealthy cells
 yield deadly products instead of the
 elixir of life—Thus much for Rome
 that we may make sure that there
 is a form of national grandeur as
 transient as passing youth or rosy
 dawn. We are often told that Rome
 was ruined by wicked rulers. We,
 too, have had Henry VIII, and
 George I, and many another royal
 rascal, and Britain has survived such
 accidents. Rome perished of sheer
 violation of moral principles on a
 scale so great that there was no
 sufficient resistance to be offered to
 check her downward career. Right-
 eousness exalteth a nation, unright-

eousness destroys it. The law is in-
 exorable. The brawny arm of
 Caesarism is but a puny protest to
 its operation. "Sceptre and crown
 must tumble down and in the dust
 be laid," when armed might tramples
 on unarmed principles.

All was not lost when Rome was
 lost, the lesson remains. There is
 nothing for human nature to do but
 try the experiment over again, equip-
 ped with better opportunities than
 ever before.

If mankind is ever to rise above
 savagery, then there must be social
 compacts and nations become nec-
 essities. The State must not only
 have the right to command, but the
 power to enforce her judgments.
 She must have armies and navies,
 and treasuries of current wealth, and
 permanent improvements and natu-
 ral resources. Britain has all of
 these. She is endowed with power
 and dominion beyond the largest ex-
 pectation of her statesmen of a few
 generations ago. The length of her
 great strides in the direction of pow-
 er, may be roughly measured by the
 fact that sixty years ago her annual
 outlay for naval expenses was four
 million pounds, and now it is twenty
 two million pounds. The army
 cost in 1835 eight millions, and now
 it is eighteen millions. If all I could
 say of the national grandeur of Brit-
 ain lay only along these lines of force
 and national strength, then we might
 as well fear lest her day of doom
 was hid in no far away future, and
 some Gibbon, yet unborn, would
 write the Decline and Fall of the
 British Empire. If the foundations
 of her material grandeur were not
 built into something that comes of
 higher use of human talents, and
 loftier living than Rome had practi-
 sed, then we might well abate our

jubilee and let "the mourners go about the streets!" If all her conquests yielded no higher trophies than fell to Roman swords, we might well despair of a longer lease of Power, than has fallen to many a nation, that has been struck from the roll of the living, and left us to infer their national grandeur from the magnificence of their ruins. Even now, groping in the palaces of the Assyrian Empire are expeditions of European and American scholars, eagerly following the picks and shovels of swart Arab diggers, as they break into the libraries and royal halls of once powerful potentates, whose fame once filled all the Eastern world, from the Nile to far beyond the Euphrates, and that too, long, long before Rome was founded. Everywhere in these silent chambers of dust and death are the boastful inscriptions of Babylonian kings, running in this wise "I am the mighty king, the powerful," or this, "I am Assurhampal, King of hosts, King of Assyria." On numberless tablets of clay, on cylinders of stone, on blocks of alabaster, are inscribed the conquests of these powerful monarchs, the subjection of their enemies, and the extent of their empire. After an eclipse of more than twenty centuries, the light of day, struggling down with the stroke of Arab picks, into palace halls and temple sanctuaries falls again on "winged teraphim and creatures crowned," that once were gods to millions whose names have perished forever from the earth. But their kings did not forget to patronize learning, encourage industries, administer justice, build astronomical observatories, worship the gods, repair the temples, and preserve the poetry and the annals of the nation.

I will not stop to inquire deeply into the causes that overthrew these powerful dynasties, silenced their language, and buried every vestige of monumental pride and national splendour in the deep dust, till a distant age, in new-born tongues "asks where the fabric stood."

Leaving out of sight the matter of changed conditions of commerce, as factors in the fall of Babylon, we know that she was profanely wicked, "by merit raised to that bad eminence" where she became notorious among the nations of her day. It may be urged that skeletons like this should not be intruded upon our national banquets. But in all soberness of judgment, we are bound to learn some deep lessons from the past, for our guidance in the future. Experience in the brute world is stored up in the form of instincts or inherited habits, that give direction to their actions in conformity to their kind, but man has been cut clear from such lowly leading strings, and invested with the privilege of using any or all experience in the intelligent guidance of his own conduct. Warnings are potent agencies in the voyage of life. The light houses, beacons, and fog-horns are as useful on our coast, as compass and chronometer. A sunken nation or a stranded commonwealth deserve the keenest scrutiny of our best statemanship.

Says John Ruskin, "Since the first dominion of man was asserted over the ocean, three empires have been set upon its sands,—the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, of England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains; of the second, the ruin; the third which inherits their greatness, if it forget their examples, may be led

through prouder eminence to less pitted destruction." Not shall lead, may be led to destruction, says this distinguished Englishman. While we need not fear the tide, we must take note of its movements lest an unperceived current prove more fatal than wind swept seas. The elements that have proved destructive to national permanence and prosperity are nearly all within the human heart. While many have been the changes in some portions of the world in two or three thousand years, still human nature remains nearly the same. Nebuchadnezzar was very much like the German Emperor, especially when it came to royal prerogatives. On that level the distance from Babylon to Berlin is but a step or two.

The events that proved fatal, long ago, to a great state, might come dangerously near to repetition. We need not be cowardly, but the boldest Prudence looks both backward and forward in shaping the course of a nation or an individual.

Britain is blessed with wise counsellors, and the horoscope of her destiny has no very alarming signs. Her star is in the ascendant, and Providence seems to have predestined her for a mighty mission in the fortunes of the world. This is no partial estimate arising out of narrow patriotism or a devouring jealousy of other nations. That England should have become the heart of such an empire, is one of the surprises of history. If in all the world of mankind, there are more striking indications of Providential workings, I know not where to find them. No man of antiquity ever suspected that the seat of the most powerful state the world had ever known would be

found on this obscure inclement island. Almost two thousand years ago, the most eminent of living men landed there from a Roman ship. Beyond a horde of painted barbarians, whom he brought under the Roman conquest, Julius Cæsar saw in Britain nothing of interest, and merely mentions in his works a few paltry incidents of the place and the people. What if now, that amble and acute brain was resurrected, and Cæsar could stand in the focus of this jubilee procession? Surely he would say that this march of events, this consumation of mighty and varied interests in a world wide nationality that has taught one hundred million people to speak her language, and touched the ends of the earth with beneficent agents; surely he would exclaim, this is designed by the gods, let us fall down and worship them! A map of the Empire would here show him that the sun never left it all in darkness. Statistics would have made known her advancement in wealth and population; he could learn that her naval fleet is so enormous that three other nations cannot be named whose naval strength combined could match Britain's squadrons; he could learn that her commercial marines have an unprecedented monopoly of the carrying trade of the world; that her factories are running over time, and her national debt is rapidly decreasing! Never in all her history has the nation been so powerful and so prosperous, and yet one need not keep his ear to the ground to hear the warnings of the British press, and learn from other sources, that a sense of uneasiness is in the air. Inferior nations like wolves can hunt in packs. Britain has excited the cupidity and the jealousy of Conti-

mental Europe. There is the more than muttered threat of a European Concert with England left out. "Isolation of England" is the current phrase.

"They hurl their taunts, their oaths, their prayers,

The snarl of greed, the growl of hate;
They spit upon the cloak she wears,
Or grasp its hem to supplicate:
But still as though she heard them not,
Her anxious eyes are fixed afar,
Among the clouds, on one pale spot
Where faintly gleams a single star.

By that same star she chose her path,
For every night in vanished years,
Though screened by mists of doubt
and wrath,

She sees it still, as if through tears,
Then glancing at the fretful horde,
Who call her now to bend the knee,
She lays her hand upon her sword
And turns her eyes towards the sea."

Napoleon tried to isolate and boycott England, and it proved a wretched failure, entailing vastly more loss upon his own resources, than it injured the object of his hatred. Ten thousand times more difficult would it be to day for Continental Europe to compass her destruction without bleeding at every pore in their own dearest interests.

The triumphs of Science and the Arts have woven the interests of the world into one mighty web, and despite the ambitions of fire eating war-lords, the world desires peace.

I know that political pessimists point to the armament of Britain to prove that after all our declarations of her peaceful intentions, she is animated with barbarism, and equipped with rifles instead of bows and arrows, cannon and maxim guns instead of catapults and armoured elephants. It is easy to make an error in judgment here. She can

fight, but she prefers peaceful industry and thriving trade to the destructive arts of war, and to her glory it can be truly said, that there is not one sphere of beneficent human action in which she has not made a noble record in full proportion to her power and her pride. The great scale of her warlike preparations are in proportion to her priceless interests, and are not the measure of any desire to fight. The honey-making bees are armed with poison and stings, not for aggressive purposes, but to protect their treasures upon which their existence depends. The stinging apparatus is an index of their danger and the value of their hoard, and nature did not leave them without the spirit to drive their weapons home when occasion demands. The stinging device is the response of the bee organism to the rapacity of bears and other enemies. Once in their history, the stings were egg-depositors, and their owners, productive females; thus it would have remained, had not greed and hunger in others, slowly forced them into an armed and social compact. England, as the central element of the United Kingdom, has no more made herself, than she has been moulded in response to the attitude of other nations. In the animal, brute kingdom below us, each family, genus, and species, has in a large measure been shaped, and forced into certain habits by other creatures. The desire and necessity of eating one another has brought forth armour, and crooked claws, and tearing teeth, matched the tawny lion's hide with the color of his habitation, and whitened the foxes and polar bears to snatch the northern snows. On the other hand, the desire to keep

from being eaten has strengthened the senses of smell and hearing, clothed the hares and ptarmigan with white in winter to hide them, and all the world abound with illustrations in kind. The same great law holds with individuals and nations. The geography of the British Isles must count as the commanding influence. Britain is daughter of the sea. Nature loves to cross her breeds, and to Britannia came the choicest blood of the Teutonic stock, Angles and Saxons, Norsemen and Danes, thrifty tillers of the soil and bold rovers of the sea mingled their blood with native Celts and older Aboriginal belongings. Had this island been five hundred miles from the mainland, there would have been no British Empire. Continental Europe acted upon these elements, and Britain rose to meet all emergencies. She became mistress of the seas, because her enemies stimulated her growth, and intensified her energies until she grew to be the greatest and grandest empire in the world. Her national ideal is one of peace. She prefers to trade rather than fight, and despite all talk of extensive wars, the actual danger is not great, unless the world desires to make havoc of the best fruits of all this wonderful century of progress. The Spirit of the Age, aside from the ambitions of despots, is bent on the advancement of mankind along the lines of the peaceful conquests of nature.

Victoria's reign and the Queen herself belong to a new epoch. The four Georges are as far behind as the Egyptian Kings, who made pyramids of their mountains, and mummies of their cats and dogs. We have no new religion other than St. Augustine preached to the pagan

Britains, but room has been made for the old faith to expand into practical work along the broader sweep of its native genius. The intellectual power that was largely employed in metaphysical discussions of earlier centuries, has been turned into directions of scientific research and practical inventions, that have enormously increased the wealth of the nation, and the happiness of the people, and revolutionized the construction of great buildings, and railroads, and bridges. In the midst of the peaceful conquests of nature, that are fast making a new and better world, it is difficult to believe that the entreating shadow-mark will be set back on the dial of human progress. A stroke of that kind, at the present, would almost seem like either a perversion in Providence, or an abandonment of our interest altogether.

Our promise of national prosperity does not rest on any superiority of intellect. In fact there has been no advance in that direction. Greece, more than two thousand years ago, produced the finest flower of intellect, the world has ever known.—Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, will wait long for their peers, if they ever come at all. Our marvellous inventions are not the works of a few great modern minds of phenomenal insight. Others, long gone, have worked, and we have entered into their labors. We, of this generation, stand on the vantage-ground of the upgathered knowledge of all who have gone before us. This ground for the advancements of the nineteenth century has long been in course of preparation. Far backward along the weary centuries, the seeds of progress were planted and sown, as nature sows and plants, in

faith, in the unsunned spaces in forest growths, with wind-borne seeds, with squirrels' stores, and bird strown germs, and, patient, bides her time through lapse of years, till axe or fire remove the trees, and the sun shines on leafy mould and waiting soil, and a new life starts up from quickened germs, till the waste place is clothed in varied verdure unrelated to the growth before it. The rustic stares at the marvel, declares there were no waiting seeds, and "spontaneous generation" he would call it if he knew the phrase. But there is no such phenomenon. Every living organism is from eggs, or seed, or living parent stem or root. Every idea, every mental suggestion has a lineage running back, till it is lost in the social organism of humanity, as the tips of the arteries are lost in the capillary circulation of our bodies.

Our long reign of sixty years of comparative peace, has been like the sun shining in on the forest moulds, and latent ideas have fructified in vastest blessings to our race. The fullness of the times has burst upon our century, and our country. Grandeur than the victories of Wellington and Nelson are the triumphs and trophies of Peace in the reign of Victoria. Let us fortify our lofty assertion by a hurried glance over the fields of these bloodless conquests of nature herself. At the beginning of her reign, the light of day was taxed, and the glass windows of the realm brought a million or more into the national treasury, now windows are free, and our own Faraday took the first step that lead to the electric light, that now shines in palace and slums, like some gift of the gods to the necessities of mortals.

It is not only electric light that has been let in on the people, but the light of better and more general education has vastly increased within sixty years. Useful knowledge has been diffused among the people by schools, and books, and many other agencies of great utility. Schools for the blind, and for deaf mutes, hospital and public charities, all on a generous scale, testify to the wholesome sentiments of the heart, while the contributions of science bear ample testimony to the intellectual life of the nation. The conditions of pauper life have been greatly ameliorated by systematic work, through which trained nurses and hired officers are detailed to care for the sick, instead of the old cruel way of taking such help from the workhouse inmates. The average of human life, as counted in years, has been considerably lengthened by sanitary science, and the average of human life, as estimated by the fact that "Better a hundred years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," is immensely more worth living than it was three score years ago. At the beginning of the present reign, only a dozen years had passed since Stephenson had harnessed the first locomotive to a train, and there was but sixteen hundred miles of railway in all the world; now there is 430 thousand miles, and Great Britain without railways would be paralyzed and impoverished beyond all calculation. Compared with the great Cylinder Printing Press of to-day, the best in use sixty years ago were crude machines, and all England proper had but a dozen daily papers, not a single illustrated journal, and photography was unknown, and the first telegraph line was not constructed till about ten

years later. Not till Victoria had been ten years a queen, was slavery abolished in the Empire, and she has lived to see it swept from the face of Christendom. Flogging, in the Naval Service, has been set aside. Children are not permitted to work in mines, and the death penalty has been reduced from thirteen to two, in this beneficent reign.

In this period illustrious names have risen on the horizon of fame, touched their meridian altitude, and declined to their western horizon and set in the glory of many achievements. Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Dickens and Bulwer, Disraeli and Bright, and Gladstone :

"The Lancelot of our lists, for so long years,

It scarcely seems old Time has force
This many laurelled champion to un-

horse,
Shiver his lance, or stay his conquering course."

A galaxy of far famed Britains have been, and still are enriching the world and widening the fame of the Empire by their genius and talents. Darwin stimulated the intellectual world by his works, and added interest to every wayside flower, and invested every form of life with a new significance. Lyell turned the rocky strata of the globe, like the tattered leaves of a mighty Palimpsest, underwritten and over written by the hand of God himself. This is surely a day that prophets and kings desired to see and saw it not. Our men of three-score and ten have been privileged to witness a tidal wave of human ingenuity and resource so complex in its diversity, so profound in its thought, so fruitful in its wealth, so beneficent in its results, that the mind is

strained and embarrassed in its efforts to comprehend or appreciate the situation.

The finest features of British national grandeur lies not in her great guns and military equipments, but in the triumphs of broad-browed science, and the trophies of peaceful arts. The great submarine cables threading the gloom of ocean depths, and carrying the messages of commerce and the salutations of good will, are invested with noble grandeur, and are better evidences of national strength than turreted ironclads and Armstrong guns.

A great Bessemer furnace in full blast amid a pavillion of sparks and flame, furnishing steel for rails, for wheels, for massive trusses and girders for bridges and buildings, is grander far than the cannon foundry of Krupp, and tells us how it is that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

But here let me say my last should be first. There is a moral grandeur of nationality, without which all else lacks foundation and support.

Says Emerson, "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of man the country turns out. Not only the brilliancy of talents, the glow of genius, and display of heroism on tented fields and warring ships, but what is the average moral product of the country?" That is the question. "What hath the house of Israel done in the dark," that is the eternal interrogative of God to every nation under the sun. Let it be remembered that whatever there is of principle in the policy of a representative government is but the expression of the people behind it. The nation can be no better than the units that

make it up. Each one contributes something to its strength or its weakness. No man lives to himself alone. Politics, in that light, become invested with the solemn dignity of religious obligations, and a bribed vote, a false return, and a lying pledge of patronage are revealed as so many thrusts at the vitals of the commonwealth, that can have no other permanent foundation than the conduct of the people themselves. It turns out that disloyalty to principles is more treasonable than disloyalty to a queen or a dynasty. Said Wendell Phillips: "You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains, yet if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down."

Said Pericles of old, "Men are a city, and not walls."

Referring to wise laws, our Bible says: "Keep therefore, and do them, for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes and say, 'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people'"

Said Cromwell, "You glory in the ditch that guards your shores, but I tell you that your ditch will not save you if you do not reform yourselves."

"Not high-raised battlements or labor-ed mounds,

Thick walls or moated gate,

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,

Not bays and broad-armed ports

Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts.

No? Men—high-minded men!

Men who their duties know, and knowing dare maintain,

These constitute a State."

Said Lincoln, "Let us have faith that might makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

To do our duty as we understand it is the loftiest privilege accorded to mortals.

National grandeur, at its best, must be wrought out along the great strikes and trends of underlying principles that will not fail to make themselves felt in massive features of enduring strength, and curves of endless beauty. This can never be the work of the few, but the many. Nelson presented an aspect of grandeur, when he exclaimed "England expects every man to do his duty!" Men sprang to their guns on that word, and found a shotted shroud and a watery grave, but the nation was enriched by every drop of their blood.

The words of the great Admiral are of imperishable significance, and England still expects every man to do his duty! While it cannot always be shouted from quarter decks by laurelled captains, yet the words must pass on with earnest emphasis, and brave hearts must respond in every walk of life, for it is always possible to be great even in small matters, and amid humble surroundings, and there are invisible crowns of fadeless laurel encircling brows where no coronets ever rested, and heroes of many a bloodless fight, and saints never canonized. The grandeur of our nation will depend upon such as these, for out of their loins will come the great Commoners of State, and men of science and art and commerce, and the grandeur of Britain will be in the moral grandeur of her people.